



Ursinus College
Digital Commons @ Ursinus College

Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898

The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville,
Perkiomen Valley

8-30-1888

Providence Independent, V. 14, Thursday, August 30, 1888, [Whole Number: 688]

Providence Independent

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence>

 Part of the [American Politics Commons](#), [Cultural History Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 14, Thursday, August 30, 1888, [Whole Number: 688]" (1888). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 468.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence/468>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville, Perkiomen Valley at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.



Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 14.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. AUGUST 30, 1888.

WHOLE NUMBER, 688.

THE TIDE-LANDS.

DESCRIBING HOW MISS VANDERPOOL CAME TO HER OWN.

Miss Vanderpool came down the steps of her lodging-house and stood looking about her with an expression of discontent on her high-bred face. It was not in a very genteel quarter. The paint was off in patches, and one of the faded green blinds hung on a single hinge. The steps were worn and the little front area was used as a depository for wood and coal. There were a pair of dirty faces at the basement windows, and outside of the door Sally Ann, the Gorgon's eldest, watched her depart with undisguised curiosity. Possibly she knew that Miss Vanderpool's rent for her single room, third story in the rear, was a week overdue. She might have been stationed there as a spy by the Gorgon, her mother, to see that no recreant lodger contrived to slip off, bag and baggage, without a formal parting. She need not give herself any concern on Miss Vanderpool's account, the lady reflected. Her piano, the one article of value among her possessions, was much too cumbersome to carry, and it was mortgaged up to its full value. Why was it that people never exhibited any conscience or honor about their music-teacher's bills, as they did about their butcher's and washerwoman's? Why was it that she respected and admired as the rich Miss Vanderpool, could find no market for her accomplishments now that she must earn her daily bread? Why did every one take advantage of her and cheat her, down to the pawnbroker who had lately taken the last piece of jewelry saved from her financial wreck? She was faint and hungry, and a gnawing pain that was new to her reminded her that she had lived on bread and water for six weeks, and that she had been on short rations for the last few days. If she had been a soldier, now, she could have withstood it right valiantly, for there was martial blood in her veins. But to suffer it for no heroic reason, in nothing but the common way! The thought humiliated her, and she put it aside.

She was walking down the street, lined with low cottages, when she stopped before one of the poorest and meanest, where a stunted lilac, just budding in the front yard, gave evidence of some little refinement on the part of the occupants. But it was not this that attracted Miss Vanderpool's attention. Floating from the doorknob she beheld a little piece of thin white crape, tied with narrow ribbon, the wan banner of sorrow. This was the cottage where the two little girls had looked out upon her, with laughing faces, every day as she passed by. Only yesterday they had flung kisses from the window. Now one was gone. The shock bore down upon her with all the sense of personal loss.

She pushed the gate open and went up the steps. A woman opened the door and led her to a darkened room. It was the custom of the neighborhood to give free admission to visitors at such a time. In a little white coffin lay the younger of the two children. Beside it sat the father and mother, the woman sobbed quietly, the father with his arm about her, and in his lap the remaining child, who had cried herself to sleep in his arms.

"I am so sorry," said Miss Vanderpool, gently; "is there anything I can do?"

The mother spoke she regretted it. The mother uncovered her face and looked up piteously, then shrank from the strange visitor.

"Nothing, nothing," she moaned, "unless you could bring back my child."

"There, there, Emily," said the man, patting her kindly; "don't take on so. It's hard on all of us. We've got to bear it together."

Miss Vanderpool's eyes were wet as she went silently out of the room and closed the door behind her. It had been a mistake, her coming. They had plainly resented the intrusion. If only she could have done something for them, could have given them some testimony of her sympathy. To lose a little life that was part of your very own must be very hard, but doubly hard when poverty and want are attendant upon sorrow. The room had been so bare. There was not a flower about the coffin. Miss Vanderpool had been accustomed to see grief smothered in costliest offerings, and this little

creature was going to her last rest without so much as a flower in her little hands—the tiny hands that had thrown kisses to her but yesterday.

She wished that she could get some flowers for that dead baby. It was April, and there were none in the city gardens, just recovering from the shock of a severe Eastern winter. She had no money to buy them from a florist. Up in the great house on the bluff that had been her home there was a conservatory, and in it there was a magnificent climbing rose that she had planted herself, years gone by, and nurtured into a vigorous growth. Out of all the riches that she had lost at this moment she wished only for one of the large pointed buds, with its petals half unfolded, shut in a little bower of green leaves. But that was out of the question. Not even for this sacred purpose could she ask any favors from the people in the house on the hill.

A little later and there would be plenty of wild flowers outside the town. The violets always came first. Nay; it was already the last of April, and with the soft wind blowing and the clear sunshine of the past two weeks the violets must be already out. She quickened her steps at the thought. A little brook ran through the town and out a narrow channel down the bluffs, on its way to the sea. Near the foot of the bluffs there was a narrow bench of land stretching between the hills and the tide-lands, and there beside the brook she had gathered early spring violets since childhood. If she walked quickly she could easily get there and back again before the night had closed down.

To reach the place she had to pass through the business portion of the town. Walking swiftly along, looking to neither right nor left, she was surprised to have some one accost her.

"Miss Vanderpool!"

It was John Ashton, whom she had not seen since the day that she found her father's name dishonored and herself beggar and homeless. He had asked her to be his wife and she had refused. Was it because she had known him as a poor boy, born in the lowest walks of society, while the Vanderpools had inherited the wealth and high standing of many generations? Or was it because she elected to bear her poverty and disgrace alone? She flushed now as she recognized him.

"One minute," he said.

"Not now. I cannot wait," she insisted, and he stepped back without a word.

What could he wish to see her for? She remembered what he had said that time.

"If you were rich and honored I should have been too proud to address you." She had resented the speech then. Recalling it now she could not help admitting that it did honor to John Ashton. She was thinking of John Ashton the boy, the little ragged fellow who used to do chores about her father's house, picking up an education at the public schools, devoting himself to her service on holidays. John Ashton the man was a separate entity, and she had never trusted herself to analyze her impressions of him. He was liked and trusted by all men, and very probably admired by women. She knew his errand to this place. He was a celebrated engineer now, and had come down to take charge of a great project for reclaiming the tide-lands. People called the enterprise "the march of improvement," but Miss Vanderpool hated the march of improvement and did not care for benefits to commerce, but liked best the wide stretch of salt marshes with their rusty vegetation, their black pools and flitting fogs. She was coming to them now, for her path lay along their border, and soon she was beside them, and drew a long breath, inhaling the fresh ocean air with its briny smell. She looked out to sea, where a luminous glow along the horizon commemorated the going down of the sun, and sullen clouds above presaged the gathering of the storm. She hoped with a feeling of pity new to her, that it might be clear for an hour or two on the morrow that the burial of the little child might not be made drearier by clouded skies and a driving rain. Not far away, on the marshes, surrounded by broad pools which reflected the distant glow in the sky, she saw the tall chimney of a steam derrick and a low, barge-like shape that seemed to be anchored in the mud. She did not give herself much time to speculate now. Night was fast falling and a little ahead she saw the tidy brook she sought. But think a mo-

ment! Was it the right place? She hesitated for an instant in doubt and perplexity, then looked quickly about to determine her bearings by some familiar landmarks. There on the bluff were the square outlines of her old home just visible against the sky, and there, off to the right, far beyond, were the harbor lights. Just a little further on, then a sharp turn to the left, a climb up the rocks to the little bench that lay between the bluffs and shore, and she should find the flowers. She pressed hurriedly on to gain the place before it should be wholly dark. She knew a way up the bluffs, a steep and winding path, by which she could gain the lighted upper streets when she was done. If only she could once find the flowers, the dewy, spring flowers, with their faint, sweet odor, and their fresh sheltering leaves! All worldly thoughts seemed to fall away from her, the weight of disappointment and care was lifted from her heart, and she felt like an eager child, bent on her innocent quest.

But what was this—the solid ground giving way beneath her feet, every step taking her deeper and deeper into a bottomless ooze, her feet drawn down and held as if by leaden weights! This was not the way it used to be along the banks of the little brook. In a moment the full horror of the situation flashed upon her. Deceived by the dim light or rendered careless by her wandering thoughts, she had strayed further from the town than she had supposed, and what she had mistaken for the little brook was really an estuary of the sea, bordered by treacherous bogs, a portion of the great waste of tide-land which the company were seeking to reclaim. Quick and sharp came other recollections. She remembered that children had been lost there when at play. She remembered that every now and then some man or woman had mysteriously disappeared from sight and knowledge, and it had been whispered about that they had been last seen walking along the border of the tide-lands. But these were people of the lower classes about whom the Vanderpools had given themselves little concern. She remembered now—ah, how sharply!—that she had read with a curling lip that portion of the young engineer's argument before the harbor commissioners, when he was pleading for permission to go on with his works, wherein he had advanced, as one of his strongest pleas, that many lives would be saved by the completion of the enterprise. And now she, Judith Vanderpool, the last of her name, was about to succumb to this unheroic destiny. It was better so. She would have chosen this very way of death, if she might. She had been tortured by one dread, over and over again, during these years of poverty and privation, and she gave a little hysterical laugh as she remembered it now. If she had broken down and died in the midst of her successful struggle, she had not the wherewithal to buy her funeral shroud. Now no one would know, no one would care.

Oh, the terror of it! Not death. Many were there who would know her and greet her gladly; father, mother, brother, friends of her childhood—the only friends she had kept. But that last thought! To drop out and never be missed, to leave behind her not a human being who would care. Why should she grieve over it now? She had, of her own will, separated herself from all human interests; she had never cared for human companionship or love.

But, oh God! she did care. She knew it now. Face to face with this terrible and lonely death she had come to knowledge of herself. Nursing her foolish pride and family traditions, measuring all the world by false standards, she had wronged herself most of all. What was it that had touched her in the humble home she had just left, breaking down the barriers of her own reserve, drawing her on and out of herself until she longed to claim some little part in it? What was it but the glad and sacred atmosphere of pure family affection? Oh, her life had been empty; empty. And the one human love that she might have had—and she knew it now—would have made her a happy woman, she had scornfully rejected. Oh, if she could but take up its tangled threads again with cleared vision and humbled heart.

It was then that she sent up her first and only cry for help. Hitherto she had been silently resigning herself to death with a calmness and dignity befitting a Vanderpool. Now a prolonged and mournful cry went out over the marshes, which startled the seagulls, which rose and wheeled aimlessly about against the darkening sky. The cry was taken up and answered far out on the marshes. There was a sudden commotion about the barge, lanterns flashed outside, and by their light she could see dark forms moving about. But she—she was sinking, sinking—

When she came to herself she was in her own little room. It was very quiet and comfortable. Her landlady flitted in and out, with a look of honest concern on her careworn face. So the world was not so hard after all. She—the Gorgon—seemed glad that her delinquent lodger was alive, and said no word about the rent overdue. Somebody had pulled the lounge on which she lay up to the stove, and there was a fire there, the first for many weeks, for her own fuel had given out in February, and she had been freezing ever since—freezing heart and body. And what was that brewing on the stove, that sent such a delicious odor through the room?

"Now, my dear," said the Gorgon, pouring something into a clumsy earthen cup and handed it to her, "just you take this cup of coffee and bit of hot roll, and it'll set you up in no time. You've been looking peaked and miserable this long time. Folks that feeds themselves don't take no proper care. I've been thinking, this long while, that if you'd just take your living along of me and give pianny lessons to my Sairy Ann—but I hardly dare ask it, you being such a fine player and she having no instrument unless you would maybe let her come up and practice times when she was in and could watch and see she didn't dirty the pearl keys or spile it—"

"Homely and rough as she was, there was a delicate flush on her thin cheek as she checked herself in her bold presumption.

"Didn't dare ask it!" Miss Vanderpool would have acted as a child's nurse scrubbed floors, washed dishes, if she had asked it. The backbone of her pride was broken. But what was the woman saying now?

"And now, if you'll let me tidy up a bit and make things half way decent, for the gentleman's been waiting to see you this long time."

"The gentleman! What gentleman?" Miss Vanderpool was not used to callers. The landlady answered her inquiry:

"Why, who but him that saved you! Him that brought you here in his arms looking like dead and all covered with mud—and a pretty sight you were, Miss Vanderpool. And awful work it was a cleaning you up, if you be a lady!"

What made Miss Vanderpool's face ashen and her heart beat so? It might be any one of a thousand men. There was no reason, no reason in the world she told herself, why it should be any particular one.

Yet, as luck would have it, it was John Ashton! No, not luck. Chance rarely favors such men as he. All that they have is won by hard endeavor, and persistent faith, and dogged watchfulness. Luck is more apt to buffet them, to call out all the slumbering forces in them and show the stuff of which they are made. He had turned and followed Miss Vanderpool at a respectful distance that afternoon he had met her on the street. It was getting late, and he had some old-fashioned notions, now almost out of date, prejudicial to a woman's going about at night unprotected, upon the streets. When he saw the lonely direction in which she was tending he had followed still more resolutely, for he knew the character of the men along the water front better than she. And who could tell whom she might meet in that wretched place at such an hour? He had been first to hear the wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its import; to start out with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, ropes, everything needful; to man a boat and row fiercely up the slough, flooded at high tide, directly to the spot where a human life—so precious to him—was going out; to throw himself out upon the morass, bracing himself on the planks that they had brought and finally, like the true knight that he was, to gather the unconscious girl in his arms, covered with mud as she was, wrapping his coat about her, bear her to the place she called her home.

But John Ashton was not the man to claim any recompense for the service he had rendered. The more serious her peril, the greater the risk he had run

on her behalf, the more need that he should be delicate and distant in all his bearing toward her; that he should try to make her forget he had ever pressed any claims upon her. He would not have come now had he been his own free agent. She saw that the moment he opened the door, and shrank from her own thoughts. He surmised the look upon her face, and interpreted it his own way. So she disliked him so much that it galled her to think that he had put her under such obligations. Well, well! If he had had the time to consider, it might have been better to have left it to one of the men, or, at least to have concealed his own connection with it.

"You are feeling better, Miss Vanderpool?"

There was not a note in his voice beyond the ordinary requirements of courtesy. She answered him kindly.

"Quite well now, I thank you. Won't you be seated," motioning him to a chair. "I thank you." But he still remained standing, his hat in his right hand, his left hand—was it her fancy, or were the fingers clenched?—hanging easily beside him.

"I came," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "about a matter of business. I tried to speak to you on the street to-day. You were not willing to listen. You were right. It was not the proper place."

"You mistook. It wasn't that. I was preoccupied; I couldn't have talked then—with any one," she explained hurriedly, and in a low voice. He scarcely noticed her words and did not at all comprehend them, but went on in a formal business way:

"A matter of business. I was authorized to conduct some negotiations with you. They concern the Vanderpool estate."

Weak as she was and broken as she was, she could not suppress a little laugh, only half mirthful, but wholly sarcastic. The Vanderpool estate! What had there been of it, since she came into possession of it, but an inextricable tangle of debt and litigation, lapsed contracts and forfeited rights!

"Now that we have got ready for work we are in a position to negotiate for the tide-lands. There are seventy acres belonging to the Vanderpool estate. I am empowered to make you the following offer."

He drew a paper from his pocket and named a sum which took Miss Vanderpool's breath away. Enough to restore the lost glory of the Vanderpools. Enough—more than enough—to buy back the old home where her mother died and she was born; enough to restore her to the life of affluence to which she had been bred; enough to place her forever above the reach of the petty privations and racking cares that had sat so heavily upon her but yesterday. She raised herself up on one elbow and looked at him. Her eyes, always large, shone with an unnatural brilliance. He thought her exulting over her restoration to wealth and power.

"I won't ask you for an answer now," he said; "perhaps you would better consult a lawyer. May I say to the company that you will give your answer in writing?"

He was moving toward the door, not even waiting for her answer, for he had determined to give her no opportunity to refer to the events of the day. He was arrested by a single word:

"John?"

No woman ever speaks in such a way to a man she does not love, but the men do not always understand. John Ashton did not understand. He came back and stood by her side, looking down doubtfully into her shining eyes raised to his own, then quickly turned away. He was only a man, after all, and he had some bitter recollections to steel him against any betrayal of weakness. Besides, she was a rich woman now, richer than she had been in the days when he had assured her he would have been too proud to ask her to share his life.

"John, are you going—so?" He understood then; slowly at first, with a dawning comprehension of all the words meant to him and to her. Then heaven itself seemed to open to him, as he gathered her into his arms.

Had any other Vanderpool ever made overtures to the man she loved? Would the cheeks of dead and gone Vanderpools have reddened with mortification could they have witnessed this shameless betrayal of her heart? Somehow Miss Vanderpool was so happy that she

did not care. And as for the money—"It would have seemed like a curse if it had parted us, dear," she said. *Flora Haines Louhead, in the Argonaut.*

A Puzzled Darkey.

Jim Webster, a colored citizen of Austin, Texas, was recently tried for stealing chickens from Colonel Percy Yerger. Webster was convicted and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. Before the culprit was removed Colonel Yerger, by courtesy of the deputy sheriff, was permitted to converse with him.

"See here, Jim, I'd like to know how many of my chickens you have stolen at one time and another," said Colonel Yerger.

"Hit seems ter me you has got a heap ob curiosity. I ain't gwine ter tell yer nuffin," replied Jim, sulkily.

"Jim, here is half a dollar for you if you will tell me how many you stole on your last raid."

"No, sah; I ain't gwine ter tell yer nuffin for a half a dollar. I knows de number perackly, but I ain't gwine ter tell yer for no half dollar."

"I'd like to know the truth about the thing."

"You wants ter know de whole troof, do you?"

"I do."

"I ain't gwine ter tell yer der whole troof for half a dollar. I ain't no fifty cents on de dollah niggah."

"It seems to me that if you are willing to tell the whole truth for a dollar, you can afford to tell half the truth for a half dollar."

"What you mean by dat ar?"

"I'll give you half a dollar, and you tell me half the number of chickens you stole. Here's the half dollar. Now tell me half the number of roosters you stole."

"Lemme see. Half de roosters am five."

"Then you stole ten roosters?"

"De Lor! How de debble you find out dat ar?"

"What's half the number of hens?"

"Half de number of the hens am four."

"So you got away with eight hens?"

"Dat gets me! Look heah, white man, you's dangerous, you is. Dar's some hocuspocus about you."

"What's half the number of young pullets you took?"

"Huh! I got yer dar. Can't split a pullet in two, kin yer, when you counts em? Half de pullets am six, and one pullet ober. Now, how's yer gwine ter find out how many pullets dar was?"

"So, you took thirteen pullets."

"Wall, I declar! You must hab been dar yerself an' counted 'em. Dar's sumfin crooked about dis transacshun. Heah, Mister, jess take me and lock me up in de jail. I don't feel safe out heah wid dis heah negromancer," and Jim was led off in a dazed condition.—*Texas Siftings.*

Jumping From the Sky.

"I suppose a brief story on the way I jump would be interesting to you," said a female aeronaut. "It's all so simple to me, though, that I can't understand why it should excite people as it does, for I have actually seen women faint away and men turn deathly pale after I had cut the ropes and started heavenward. You see, I always take a look downward when I am up a few hundred feet—just why, I am sure I cannot say. And right here let me tell you that I have sometimes singled out from the sea of upturned faces just the ones I knew were going to be shaded with disappointment should I fail to fall and be smashed to pieces. You may think the notion is all in my brain, but I have it firmly fixed there, at any rate, and know there are such people in the world.

"Where are we? Oh, yes, going up—or rather, the earth is dropping away beneath our feet—you know that is always the sensation. The parachute which we are to cut loose at the proper time hangs listlessly downward. The rope which holds it to the balloon passes through a steel ring. A sharp knife blade, worked by a cord, is so arranged that at the proper time a little jerk—and we are free.

"Now comes the exciting moment, even to the veteran. Above you the balloon, freed of the weight which gave it steadiness, is rocking and reeling, while the parachute is whizzing downward. You did not feel that you were ascending, but as you shut your eyes

and draw your breath in little gasps—a long drawn inspiration would be impossible—you are fully aware that you are descending—that you are going with such frightful velocity, too, that unless there comes an end, and that end soon, the end of all things will be at hand. Prickly sensations shoot over your frame; and as you gasp for breath it seems as if a knife had been thrust into your vitals. Your thoughts are racing along with as great speed as your downward momentum; your courage, too, commences to leave you, and you are threatened with a total collapse—death!"

"Suddenly the mad rush is checked. The parachute has grasped the situation," so to speak. At least it has 'grasped' sufficient air to open it out, and as it gradually expands the motion becomes steadier, until you are descending so slowly and gently that you actually have a sleepy sensation. And after the thrill, the shock of the moment before, and feeling is so dreamily delicious that really you are in danger from it unless you brace up and fight it off, for Mother Earth is shoving her smiling but rugged face close at you again—it really appears as if the earth came back to you, just as it seemed to recede—and you must remember that you must be on the lookout for a safe landing place, and that more agility is required in this part of the feat than in any other.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Eventful Career.

John Taylor, of Cartersville, Ga., could never pose for the hero in Gebault's "Un Homme Sans Une Histoire." He claims to be a son of President Zachary Taylor, to have been taken into Kentucky by his father's orders and subsequently to have served in the Mexican war. Although as white as his masters Taylor was brought up among the mulattoes on the plantation of William R. Johnson, a great Kentucky horseman in those days (and always supposed himself to be possessed of a slight taint of negro blood); but after the death of General Taylor in 1850 the secret leaked out that his mother was a young Spanish creole, who had died a year after his birth. He had then been married to a mulatto about six weeks.

Near the close of the rebellion he had accumulated a fortune of \$80,000, which was invested in tobacco, when the bombardment of Atlanta occurred. It was then that the Federal soldiery, armed with an order from headquarters to search certain warehouses of tobacco in the suburbs, broke open and confiscated the entire contents of Taylor's barn and left him almost penniless. A tobacco warehouse was of great value at that period. Taylor happily recollected his services as valet in 1846-7, and what a good hair dresser he had been. It was of frequent occurrence for him to be complimented by northern and southern officers alike on his phenomenal skill as a tonsorial artist in those days, so he sold his house and personal effects, bought for a song a shaving palace on Decatur street, Atlanta, and commenced to make money. He had the entree, as it were, into military circles, and had for regular customers at various times Gens. Sherman, Slocum, Cobb, Judah, Johnson, Stevenson, "Bob" Toombs, Ben Hill and Alexander H. Stephens. His shop was the rendezvous for military characters of all shades of distinction from sutler's boy to the commanding general himself. In addition to this "Major" Taylor, as he was called, carried on a huge boarding and gambling house.

Soon after a terrible order was issued which forced Taylor to go south and be shot for a rebel, or go north and be under Federal protection. There was no time to think; he was obliged to make an immediate exodus. He tried frantically but in vain, he told me as I sat in his shop at Cartersville the other day, to sell for a dollar and a quarter a massive plate mirror, which had cost him nearly fifty dollars. He was offered ten in gold for his house and shaving palace with fixtures. He fled to Chattanooga and engaged himself to Gen. Stedman as a body servant. In the summer of 1865 he came to Cartersville and is now enconced in a little 12x14 shop, shaving the beards of his occasional patrons, and ruminating on the past. He has never since set foot in Atlanta and says he never will. The man's appearance is striking, and his resemblance to old "Rough and Ready" is pronounced. Taylor is now in his 60th year.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, August 30, 1888.

TERMS—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk.....6.40 a. m.
Accommodation.....8.03 a. m.
Market.....1.10 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Mail.....8.03 a. m.
Accommodation.....9.11 a. m.
Market.....3.20 p. m.

Accommodation.....6.47 p. m.

SUNDAY—SOUTH.

Milk.....6.56 a. m.
Accommodation.....4.48 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation.....10.03 a. m.
Milk.....5.48 p. m.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks

From Abroad.

—The farmer will soon go forth to sow the seed which will have much to do with next year's harvest.

—"City boarders" may understand many things thoroughly well, but some of them ought to take a few lessons before driving out alone.

—Our old friend, Parson C. A. Rittenhouse, of Norristown, happened in this vicinity the latter part of last week, and paid this office a brief visit.

—Mrs. E. Crater, of Setzler's Store, Chester county, visited a number of her relatives and friends in this place last Sunday.

—Mr. M. O. Roberts, of the Roberts Machine Company, this place, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of malaria fever.

—The public schools of the district went into operation for another school term of eight months Monday morning. Mr. Wanner and Miss Gephart are in charge of the Collegeville school.

—A reunion of Grand Army men will take place on September 29th, at Norristown. The event is likely to be a very prominent one.

—The excursion to Calypso Island by the Lutheran Sunday school, Trappe, last Saturday, was fairly well attended, though not as large as many previous excursions of that school.

—Rev. O. P. Smith, pastor of the Lutheran church, Trappe, acceptedly filled a pulpit in a Lutheran church at Bethlehem last Sunday.

—The Schwenksville item closed its eleventh year last Friday. Bro. Bardman deserves the success he is meeting with, and we hope he will achieve still greater things in the future.

—"You can scarcely tell the difference between the rich and the poor about here; they all dress alike in silks and satins. But there is one consolation, everybody can't go to the seashore"—or words to that effect. Snobbery!

—The dry goods store of Morgan Wright, Norristown, was burglarized the third time within a few years the early part of last week. Among other goods, silks to the value of \$1000 were stolen. Where were the crack policemen of the Hub?

—We learn that postmaster Hallman, of Ambler, is lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever at the residence of his father, near Arcola. We hope he will soon recover.

—Miss Cora Perry, daughter of Rev. S. O. Perry, Eagleville, is reported seriously ill with typhoid fever. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

—September 6th is the last day on which voters can be registered. Republicans and Democrats alike should see that every member of their respective parties is properly registered.

—The Lansdale Trust Company has broken ground for a bank building. It will be a frontage of about 85 feet and an opera house in the rear. The main building will contain some fine store rooms.

—F. P. Faringer wishes to say to farmers that he has still some of the natural guano unsold, to be disposed of below its value.

—M. H. Keeler and Jesse Walt represented the upper district and F. J. Ashenfelter and Isaac Stierly the lower district, in Tuesday's Democratic Convention at Norristown.

—The scribe and the scribe's son were very kindly entertained about noontide last Friday by Mr. Thomas Griffin and family, of near Oaks.

—Cows averaged \$46 at J. W. Rosenberger's sale, near Yorkes, last Thursday. Judges say the cows sold possessed extra qualities.

—Mr. Adam Mensch one of the prosperous farmers, of near Yorkes, visited the peach districts of Delaware last week. He came home delighted with his trip.

—The voters are going to make some music by and by.

—Mr. Joseph Casselberry, of near Oaks, is about completing a new, commodious and convenient barn, which is quite an improvement to his fertile farm.

—H. W. Kratz, President of the Black Rock Bridge Company gives notice elsewhere that a special meeting of the stockholders of said Company will be held at Black Rock Hotel, Saturday, September 1, between the hours of one and three o'clock, to take definite action in regard to the recent appraisal of the bridge property, &c.

—And now, since this section has a driving park worthy of the name and of its location, let it be earnestly hoped that horse racing upon our thoroughfares will cease. It will only cost you twenty-five cents to test your fast trotter to your satisfaction, and give your wife and sweetheart a good airing. All this you can do at any time except on Sunday.

The Garwood Picnic.

The Garwood Sunday school picnic in the almshouse grove next Saturday will no doubt attract people from all sections of the county, and many people will go there to meet their friends and have a good time generally. The music by the Citizens' Band of Phoenixville will be a very agreeable feature of the day.

Where the Sea Murmurs.

Mrs. F. G. Kraft, and Mrs. Dr. J. R. Umstad of Evansburg, and Mrs. J. W. Culbert and Mrs. J. H. Richard of this place, loitered by the sea at Atlantic City, last week. The ladies, we are pleased to say, had a very enjoyable time. On Sunday the husbands, tired of single life, went to the seashore and accompanied their wives home Monday.

Harvest Services.

A large congregation of members and visitors of various denominational faiths taking the seating capacity of St. Luke's Reformed church, Trappe, last Sunday morning, the occasion of the annual harvest services. Dr. Shumaker preached a very practical discourse which was listened to with much attention. After the sermon a collection was lifted in behalf of beneficiary education.

Will Resume Pastoral Work.

J. H. Hendricks, after having very pleasantly and profitably spent the four weeks' vacation generously granted him by the church of his charge, in a sight-seeing and visiting tour to several of the seaside resorts, Delaware Water Gap, and a number of the most interesting towns in Eastern Pennsylvania, is home again and ready to take up his regular pastoral work. Pastor Hendricks will hold services in Trinity church of this place on this coming Sabbath, Sept. 2, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

An Agreeable Surprise.

Rev. A. D. Wolfinger, a recent theological graduate of Ursinus, and at present pastor of Brownback's Reformed church in Chester county, was quite agreeably surprised a few evenings ago by nearly half of the members of Shenkel's church, who had taken possession of the parsonage during his absence. Rev. Wolfinger welcomed all of the happy party. The parishoners came laden with good things for a feast and an occasion of much pleasantness was had.

Dumped into the Canal.

We have at hand a very meagre report of an accident, which happened to several Philadelphians near Phoenixville last Thursday. The party hired Parson Grater's popular pony and Mr. Robert Moyer's carriage. While near the canal at Mont Clare their team collided with an ice wagon, the frightened poney became unmanageable, and the carriage and occupants, so the story goes, were dumped into the canal. Some of the party were very painfully injured and the vehicle was reduced to a wreck.

New Proprietors.

The latter part of last week negotiations were concluded between J. Howard Richard, proprietor of the Collegeville Bakery, and A. Hunsicker & Son, and on and after Saturday next the latter gentlemen will be the proprietors of one of the most successful business plants in this section of the county. Mr. Richard, in company with Harry Smith, established the Collegeville Bakery in 1875, and about a year later he became sole owner and manager. By careful attention to business, Mr. Richard succeeded in increasing his business from time to time until it became extensive and remunerative. The new proprietors need no introduction to our readers. They belong to one of the oldest families in the neighborhood, and are energetic business men. Success to them. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Richard will regret to see them leave this locality and hope that they will decide to remain here permanently.

An Insane Man Crushed to Death.

The body of Michael Driscoll, aged 24 years, an inmate at the Hospital for the Insane, was horribly cut up on the Schuylkill Valley Railroad about Franklin avenue, Norristown, at an early hour Monday morning. The features could hardly be recognized. The body was horribly mutilated. Bernard Strain, of Bridgeport, employed on the night watch at the Hospital, identified the body as that of Driscoll. Dr. Sikes came down and also identified the body. Driscoll was a single man whose home was in Philadelphia. He has been lately confined in one of the violent wards at the Hospital, from which he escaped on Saturday. His presence at Franklin avenue

could not be explained. He had in his pocket a car ticket from Philadelphia, and it is possible that he had been to Philadelphia and returned.

Drowned.

Elijah Warner, aged 27 years, fell into the Schuylkill canal, near Brower's Locks, above Perkiomen Junction, on Sunday morning. The unfortunate man had been guarding some boats and it is supposed fell into the water while in an epileptic fit. A little dog who saw him fall in ran off and managed to attract some one's attention to the spot, but it was too late. A verdict of accidental drowning during an epileptic fit, was rendered.

Sad Drowning Accident.

A very sad drowning accident happened near this place last Sunday morning. Jacob Weidenbach and wife reside on the farm belonging to the Joshua Zimmerman estate. Their little son Jacob, aged 18 months, at the time stated, was attracted to a small stream of water that courses its way through the farm, near the buildings, and over which there is a culvert in the lane leading to the Collegeville road. Some time after the boy was missed and the father went in search of him. After going about the barn and other buildings Mr. Weidenbach went down to the culvert, where he discovered the lifeless body of his little boy lying in the water, which was only about ten inches in depth. Mr. Weidenbach says about fifteen minutes elapsed from the time the child was missed until his body was found. Dr. Krusen was sent for in haste and promptly responded, but all efforts to restore life action were of no avail. An inquest was held by Esquire Fetterolf, Sunday afternoon, and the jury rendered a verdict of "accidental drowning." The funeral will be held to day at 10 o'clock. Interment at Lutheran cemetery, Trappe. Much sympathy for the sorrowing parents, who came to this vicinity last spring, is expressed by their neighbors and friends.

A Boy's Head Cut Off.

Last Friday evening John Henry Yerger of Warren street, Pottstown, met with a shocking and fatal accident. The little fellow, who was in the 10th year of his age, with his brother, Thomas, went down along the P. & R. tracks "to pick coal." After being there for some time several trains went by and each one the little fellows attempted to board. The same thing was tried on a shifting engine, but the boys were chased away by the crew. Finally a coal train came along and ran on the siding to allow the evening express, east, to pass by. It was when this coal train was pulling off that the boys jumped on. When little Yerger fell he held his left arm over his head and the wheels of three cars and the caboose passed over the body cutting the arm in two places and the head off near the shoulders. He was picked up and taken home and Squire Missimer was notified to hold an inquest.

The Result of Misplacing a Collar.

Wednesday of last week, a party of Philadelphians, two gentlemen and two ladies stopping at Wagner's mansion, Trappe, met with an accident near Paist's mill. The male members of the party, who it is presumed harnessed the horse, placed the collar wrong end down. After proceeding a short distance their attention was directed to the collar, but they drove on. After being reminded several times they concluded to right the same, and, manifesting still more of their ignorance or carelessness, they removed the blindhalter to turn the collar. As soon as the halter was removed the horse made a move for freedom, and as a result one of the ladies was painfully frightened, and the other was terribly frightened, and one of the ladies was badly cut. Dr. Krusen dressed the wounds. The horse ran as far as Perkiomen Bridge, where he was captured. The vehicle was somewhat damaged.

Opened.

The Collegeville Driving Park was opened last Thursday afternoon. The event attracted quite a number of horsemen and friends of the turf from different sections. Those present, who had previously signified their interest in the enterprise, signed the agreement with Mr. Zimmerman which entitles them to the use of the track for one year. Several speed contests furnished considerable entertainment for the visitors. There were quite a number of speedy horses on the grounds, and of course others that were not quite so fast. Considering the condition of the track, the exhibitions of speed were very creditable indeed. Some of the Piquinville gentlemen present, who are somewhat interested in the driving park at that place, couldn't help but admit that the Collegeville Driving Park, with its stately trees, delightful surroundings, level grade, and so on, will be, when sufficient time has elapsed to put everything in proper shape, one of the finest driving parks in Montgomery, or even Chester county. Mr. Zimmerman deserves much credit for the manner in which he deposes the work. We might add that the agreement is still open for inspection and signatures.

A School-Master Needed.

Upper Providence township, in this county, is rather specially favored with educational facilities. She has within her borders a college of strong faculty and known far beyond her confines. She has, too, a newspaper which is always more or less an educational factor. Her schools maintain their standard with the rest in the county—perhaps get above it; yet, with all this, a short distance from said college and newspaper office and schools, a notice on the door of an ice house reads: "All ice To Be Waid Down At The Bridge." —National Defender.

A Porker's Bite.
J. H. Brendlinger, proprietor of the Limerick Square Hotel, is able to tell his friends something about a porker's bite. The other day he was in the act of capturing small pigs when one of them "closed in" on one of Jacob's forefingers. He meant to catch the pig by the ear, but missed his mark and got too close to the little animal's jaws. And now Mr. Brendlinger is nursing a very sore finger.

Dairymen's Meeting.

The North Pennsylvania division of the Dairymen's Protective Milk Association met in Quakertown Wednesday. The object is to secure a remunerative price for milk and to protect its members against loss in the sale of the same in Philadelphia. A general agent is to be appointed at each station on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. John G. Fetterolf, of Yorkes Station, on the Perkiomen Railroad is the president, and T. P. Walker, of Philadelphia, the general secretary. The dairymen are now receiving three cents per quart for milk, which, after paying the freightage only leaves a net balance of two and a half cents a quart. The Philadelphia dealers are now receiving six cents per quart, and an effort will be made to make them pay the cost for shipping. Owing to the disagreeable weather there was not a full attendance of the association and no action was taken. Another meeting will be called shortly.

Democratic Conventions.

The Democratic Judicial Convention was held in the Court House Norristown Monday, and was presided over by Chairman Dannehower. The labors of the Convention resulted in the nomination of Geo. W. Rogers, Esq., as the Democratic candidate for Additional Law Judge. Mr. Rogers has been an active and honored member of the Montgomery county bar for over thirty years.

The Democratic County Convention convened in the Court House Tuesday at 10 a. m. After the usual preliminary business the following ticket was nominated: Assembly, John H. Bergey, Lower Salford; J. K. Hendricks, Norristown; Hugh O'Neill, Jenkintown; R. Partenheimer, Springfield, and W. S. Royer, Pottstown; Jury Commissioners, Jesse N. Gerhart, Upper Salford; Director of the Poor, Benjamin DeFrain, Pottstown. Three ballots were required to settle the contest on Jury Commissioner. Three ballots also were required for the 161 delegates to elect the following eleven Congressional conferees: John W. Bickel, Norristown; Samuel Elfre, Lansdale; Philip S. Garrett, Lower Merion; Daniel K. Garber, Pennsburg; J. W. Guldin, Pottstown; Henry S. Kulp, Lower Providence; Dr. A. D. Markley, Hatboro; Dr. Milton Newberry, White Marsh; Henry J. Smith, Pennsburg; James Tracy, Conshohocken, and Jacob R. Yost, Norristown. The following resolution was passed unanimously with great enthusiasm:

UPPER HANOVER TRAMPS.

BROUGHT DOWN TO JAIL IN THE BLACK MARIA.

Constable Daniel J. Snyder, of Upper Hanover township, had an experience on Monday night that was probably as varied and full of incidents as any previous twelve hours of his existence. That he came out of it successful and proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him by the citizens of his district is due to his own watchfulness and care, and is at once a tribute to himself and to the voters who elected him Constable.

For sometime past the upper end of Montgomery county has been infested with tramps, and the residents of no portion have suffered more severely from the plague than those of Upper Hanover township. Hordes of vagrants have swarmed all over the fertile district, tramping down growing crops with impunity, demanding food instead of asking for it, committing hideous outrages of every description and acting in a generally insolent fashion that had become well known to the profession. Their fire and carelessly handled pipes gave rise to grave fears lest dry leaves and stubble should catch on fire, and the owner of the place requested them to extinguish the smouldering embers and leave his premises. The tramps laughed at him, and replied that they would leave when they got ready. The farmer said that he was outnumbered and concluded to hasten the order of their going by an appeal to the law. He invoked the service of Constable Snyder, that official immediately a posse to his assistance and the representatives of law and order swooped down on the tramps' camp and captured the whole aggregation.

Seven in all were taken into custody, and at the hearing before Squire Henry J. Smith they gave the names of Christian Miller, Jos. Ehler, Frederick Keiser, Charles Walter, Frank Wolf, Joseph Coblenz, and Augustus Albert. They are low, brutal-looking foreigners, the scum of the old country, the strongest kind of contrast to the thrifty intelligent Germans among whom the tramps were carrying on in such high-handed style. They made no defense and were committed for trial on the charge of vagrancy and having fire on farm lands. Upper Hanover has no lockup, and it became necessary to take steps immediately to convey the prisoners to jail.

The last train on the Perkiomen Railroad having departed more than an hour before, nothing remained but to drive the tramps to Norristown. A large huckster wagon was procured, the prisoners unceremoniously bundled into it, and assisted by two stalwart Upper Hanoverians Constable Snyder at 7 o'clock began the long drive to the county seat.

The trip was certainly full enough of incidents. First, a hind wheel came off at Greenlane; and as the wagon body fell to the ground the unlucky tramp who occupied that corner was unceremoniously sat upon by all the other six and the two men of the posse. His remarks in Dutch are said to have been fearful in their intensity. A few miles further on a pin that holds one of the shingle trees to the double-tree broke, and that caused another delay. Then one of the horses took sick, in disgust, it is supposed, at having to do such menial work as hauling tramps to jail. Another animal was procured, and a fresh start made. The progress didn't last long, as the tramps got to fighting among themselves during a debate as to whether it would not have been more advisable to leave when Mr. Schultz ordered off, rather than be judged in the full flood tide of the country picnic and "celebration" season. The squirming seven were kicked into temporary subjection; and when for the fifth time a start was made one of the posse sat on a stool inside the tramp pen, holding a lighted kerosene lamp—no lantern could be borrowed.

FROM GRATER'S FORD.

The poles for the proposed telephone line have been planted the past week. The proposed line passes through this place and Ironbridge, but it is not probable that there will be an office established at either place on account of excessive charges.

Peter Colehower, of Norristown, formerly of this place, spent a day or two in town last week. He came here with the intention of fishing, but the Perkiomen was too high at the time.

The correspondent to the Schwenksville item, from this place, gave full vent to his poetic ideas on the mad dog question in last issue. Our good and eventful friend "Davy" is getting up a subscription list and asks for voluntary contributions, for he thinks it might so inspire the writer that he will give us some more in the near future. It is a fact.

Several fishermen from Allentown last week made quite a nice haul of fish while fishing in the Perkiomen at this place. They caught 18 bass weighing from 2 to 3 pounds.

Miss Emma Kulp and Lizzie Ashenfelter started on Tuesday morning last for Ocean Grove, where they intend spending a week or ten days.

E. L. Markley and family spent Sunday visiting friends in Allentown.

Rev. Lane of Cora, Huntingdon county, Pa., held religious services in the chapel on Sunday evening last. He was greeted with a fair audience. He is a father of Dr. Lane at Limerick Square.

The public schools of the Independent District of Perkiomen open on Monday next. Mr. Abner Hunsicker is principal and Miss Ellen Espenshield is teacher of the primary department at this place.

The supervisor of Skippack township, with a gang of men, is macadamizing the road leading from the bridge to Lucon. The road is low and swampy land and at times during winter is almost impassable. Quite a necessary improvement.

Another Train Jumper Terribly Injured.

Otto Sittinger, sixteen years old, of Norristown, was run over by a coal train

on the Reading Railroad at Bridgeport on Wednesday evening, and had both legs cut off. He was taken to Philadelphia and admitted to the Pennsylvania Hospital in a very dangerous condition. Sittinger and several of his companions were jumping on a passing train, when the former missed his hold and was thrown under the wheels. Sittinger was formerly employed by Rev. A. A. Marple as driver, but for some time past he had been working at Lee's mill. When the accident occurred, he and his companions were endeavoring to save themselves a walk up to the centre of Bridgeport by catching a ride on the coal train. After the injury the poor boy pathetically cried to Rev. Mr. Marple, who was standing by his side, "Oh, how I wish I had stayed with you!" He is not expected to recover.

A Dog's Funeral.

BURIED IN STATE BESIDE THE BODY OF HIS DEAD AND GONE MISTRESS.

WEST CHESTER, Aug. 26.—Some two or three years ago a Mrs. Elizabeth Shee died in this place, leaving a will in which was a clause bequeathing the sum of \$1,500 to be invested, and the interest upon the same was to be applied to the keeping of a much beloved dog belonging to her. The will also set aside the sum of \$100 to be applied to paying the cost of the dog's funeral when that should be necessary, the said dog to be laid beside his mistress in the burying ground of the Great Valley (Chester county) Presbyterian church. Upon the death of the dog the \$1,500 was to be passed over to the uses of the said church as a contribution. Under this will the dog was put to boarding with a friend of the deceased lady, where he lived in good dog style until last Thursday, when he died of some distemper peculiar to the canine family, and yesterday his remains were taken in charge by a regular funeral director, who, after carefully and artistically shrouding them, placed them in a newly prepared box (for dog coffin), and took them to the burying ground above mentioned, and neatly interred them beside the animal's former friend and protector. The animal was fourteen years of age. He was of poor but respectable parentage, and as a dog held an enviable position among the dogs of the town, with which he was on the best of terms. The \$1,500 will at once be handed over to the church in further obedience to the letter of the will.

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED!
The undersigned has re-opened the old (Fry) Store Stand in upper part of Trappe, with a full variety of Store Goods and is prepared to accommodate the public in the best manner.

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED!

The undersigned has re-opened the old (Fry) Store Stand in upper part of Trappe, with a full variety of Store Goods and is prepared to accommodate the public in the best manner.

Dry Goods and Groceries

DRESS GOODS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, TABLE LINENS, TRIMMINGS, EDGINGS, &c.
Groceries in assortment, best qualities, all the time.

Queensware

—AND—

Crockeryware

Large Assortment, latest styles; Earthenware, Hardware—Forks, Knives, Spoons, Spades, &c., &c., &c.
—IN—

Boots & Shoes

For men, women and children, we defy competition in styles, prices and qualities. Examine our stock before making your purchases.

F. B. RUSHONG,

TRAPPE, PA.

URSINUS COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

THE COLLEGE FOR THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF THE PERKIOMEN VALLEY.

BECAUSE:

1. It is near home, and the cost of boarding can be saved.
2. The charges are moderate. Tuition only 75 cents to \$1.25 per week.
3. The Professors and Teachers are experienced educators, and each has charge of a special department.
4. Particular attention is given to the difficulties of Pennsylvania German young people in mastering the English language.
5. THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT offers instruction in Vocal Culture, on the Piano and Organ, by a Professor from Philadelphia.
6. THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT offers an Elementary English Course, which gives a good English education; a Preparatory Course, which prepares for business, and, with language included, for admission into College; a Normal Course, which includes all the branches required by law in Normal Schools.
7. THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT offers the regular Classical Course, and a Scientific Course, each for four years, equal to those of the best Colleges.

The Fall Term of sixteen weeks will open Monday, September 3, '88.

Write for full particulars to the President, J. H. A. BOMBERGER, D. D., LL.D. When you write, mention this paper. 191j

FOR SALE!

Several tons of Wheat Straw. Apply to F. P. FARINGER, near Ironbridge.

SHOATS!

Three months old Chester County Whites, Pure stock, both sexes, also the mother, fat, 350 pounds, for sale at the Terrace Farm. 36a

FOR SALE!

Stock and fixtures of Restaurant and Beer Saloon at Collegeville. Reason for selling—Failing health. For particulars call on or address S. S. AUGER, Collegeville, Montg. Co., Pa.

WANTED!

To rent house or small place near station. Address by letter only full particulars. F. W. RUSSELL, 1433 Kater St., Phila., Pa.

WANTED TO RENT,

For next year, a good dwelling, large barn and about thirty five acres of productive land, to a practical farmer. Abundance of water and fruit on the premises. Possession can be given this fall if desired. J. W. SUNDERLAND, 283ep

STRIKE COMMENCED!

I have decided to make a reduction in my prices (from April 2, 1888,) for shoeing. I will put on four new shoes, all hand-made, of any style desired, for \$1.20 per pair. Satisfaction or money refunded. W. B. LOGAN, Yorkes Station, Pa.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circular. 39auly.

to see that the tramps indulged in no devilry of any sort, and received no chance to escape by cutting through the canvas wagon sides.

All went well until the heavy wagon struck a deep gutter. The tired posse gave a grunt as he was shaken up, and the lamp dropped from his hands and exploded. Yells and curses and general pandemonium followed, and when the crowd had been calmed down enough to count noses it was found that one enterprising tramp had made good his escape. Again the like of march was resumed, and this time all went well until Perkiomen Bridge was reached, when the tired officials stopped to water the horses and refresh themselves. Here another fight took place in the depth of the Black Maria, one tramp having raked up a dime and the rest refusing to let him purchase a drink with it unless he would share with them. While this row was being quelled in summary fashion, the tramp with the ten cent piece took wings and unobtrusively soared away. He was heard of no more.

Then there were five, and the procession continued. At Eagleville the wagon upset at a dangerous part of the road, and one tramp was pinned down. He screamed and yelled at a great rate, claiming that his back was broken; but when the wagon was raised he took to his heels before a helping hand could be extended. Constable Snyder had been through so much during the preceding ten hours that it was merely a prefatory operation to draw his revolver and open a fusillade at the retreating form. Six shots were fired and then the tramp stopped. The constable was getting more and more proficient as the practice continued; closer and closer to the constable would wind up by a lucky hit with his last shot the tramp surrendered.

That ended the escapades of the night, and early next morning the quintet was landed in jail. Warden Schall has not yet called the roll to learn which were the two who escaped.

The constable talks of bringing suit against a dangerous place on the highway to go unguarded. —Norristown Herald.

About a Woman.

Twenty years ago, when Emma Abbott lived in the backwoods of Illinois, she tried to get an appointment to teach school. She read an advertisement in some paper of a teacher wanted in the next township. The town was seven miles away, and there was one way for brave little Emma to get there, and that was by walking. She set off, however, on the lonely and hazardous journey, only to find when she reached her destination that eleven other girls had got there in advance of her. Footsore and weary she crossed the threshold of the room in which the other applicants were sitting. A man was cross examining one of them, and as she entered all looked up. They were not a little surprised as she gasped out, "I have walked seventeen miles to get this place." The man jumped up from his seat and exclaimed, "And you shall have it. Last come first served, this time!"

BLACK ROCK BRIDGE!

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of the above named Company, that a meeting will be held at the Black Rock Hotel on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, '88, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, p. m., to receive the report of the Committee on Revision and Classification of by-laws of company and to take such action thereon as they may deem necessary. HENRY S. KULP, Sec.

NOTICE!

Pursuant to an adjournment the members of the Union Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Company will meet in the company's office in the borough of Norristown, on Monday, September 3, 1888, at 1 o'clock, p. m., to receive the report of the Committee on Revision and Classification of by-laws of company and to take such action thereon as they may deem necessary. HENRY S. KULP, Sec.

FIRE! FIRE!!

NOTICE.—The members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery County, are hereby notified that a

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Office Hours:—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 p. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.

J. D. GRAVER, M. D.,
Physician and Pharmacist,
TRAPPE, PA.
Eighteen years' experience. Can be consulted in English or German.

DR. B. F. PLACE,
DENTIST!
36 E. Airy Street, NORRISTOWN, Pa. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Monday and Tuesday. Gas administered.

REMOVED!
N. S. Borneman, D. D. S.,
209 SWEDEN STREET, First house below Main St.
NORRISTOWN, PA. (Formerly of Boyertown.)
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas, Ether, &c. Also the new process for freezing the gums a miracle. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$10. English and German spoken. (ptap-89)

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Jun. 25-1yr.

EDWARD E. LONG,
Attorney-at-Law,
No. 4 PENN STREET, TWO DOORS ABOVE SWEDEN, NORRISTOWN, PA.

C. TYSON KRATZ,
Attorney-at-Law,
311 SWEDEN STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Philadelphian business also attended to.
RESIDENCE: Lower Providence Township, 12aply

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Land Title and Trust Co. Building, Nos. 608 and 610 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Room 23. Take the Elevator.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN S. HUNSICKER,
Justice of the Peace,
RAHN STATION, PA.
CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent. Clerking of Sales attended to. Charges reasonable. 27jan-

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,
(1/4 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales cleared; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Nov-8-6m. P. O. Address: Grater's Ford.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!
RAHN'S STATION PA.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

L. B. WISMER,
Practical Slater!
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

J. G. T. MILLER,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
TRAPPE PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, '85, tf.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Samples of Paper
Always on hand.

J. W. GOTWALS,
YERKES, P. A.
—BUTCHER and DEALER IN—
Beef, Veal, and Mutton!
Will serve the citizens of Collegeville and vicinity every Tuesday and Friday. ap16-1f

SCRAP IRON!
The highest cash prices paid for Scrap Cast Iron, delivered at the foundry of the ROBERTS MACHINE WORKS, Collegeville, Pa. 16jan

E. L. ACKER,
Attorney at Law,
NORRISTOWN OFFICE:—No. 309 SWEDEN ST. (Acker Building) a few doors above Main.
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care. Speaks German.

L. SPEAR,
Veterinary Surgeon!
GRATER'S FORD, PA.
The strictest attention given to all cases entrusted to my care. 14ap

WM. M. PEARSON,
Auctioneer,
PHOENIXVILLE P. O. Pa. Residence: Near Black Rock, Upper Providence, Montg. county, Pa. Will do my best to fill every engagement in a satisfactory manner. 16jly

A. STAUFFER,
(SUCCESSOR TO THOMAS LOWNE'S.)
Blacksmith, Horse Shoer & Gen'l Jobber
IRONBRIDGE, PENNA.
New Shoes per set, \$1.25. Hand-made Shoes at corresponding figures. Moving Shoes, per set, 50 cents. Four wheels set for \$1.50. All kinds of light and heavy work done in the best possible manner. All work guaranteed. Mill Picks sharpened and warranted. Give me a call. 19ap6m

W. L. CRATER,
WITH W. H. BLANCHORD,
PAPER HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Estimates furnished and paper supplied. 27eb

JOSEPH STONE,
CARPET WEAVER
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Beard House.)
Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

DAVID SPRINGER,
MAIN ST., ROYERSFORD, PA.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent
AND LOAN BROKER:
Insurance placed for one, three or five years in the largest and most reliable Stock Companies, at best rates. No assessments. Life and Accident Insurance policies a specialty. 28aply

H. H. YELLIS,
Carpenter and Builder,
GRATER'S FORD, PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application and contracts taken. All orders will receive prompt attention. All kinds of mill work constantly on hand, such as window frames, doors, sashes, mouldings, etc. Will be home two days in a week, namely TUESDAY and FRIDAY, to attend to my customers. My prices defy competition. Come and learn my prices before you look elsewhere. 12jan6m

TIGER HOTEL,
4th and Vine Sts., Philadelphia.
This old and popular hotel still furnishes the best accommodations for man and beast. The bar always supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Rates, \$1.50 per day, and from \$4.50 to \$6.00 per week.
J. W. PLACE, Proprietor.
JOHN GUNTHER, Clerk. 5aply

The Real Estate Title Insurance
—AND—
TRUST - COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Capital, \$500,000, Full Paid.
Insures Titles to Real Estate and Mortgages, acts in all Fiduciary Capacities—Executor, Guardian, Assignee, &c., and becomes security for persons acting as such.

C. TYSON KRATZ,
RESIDENT ATTORNEY,
311 Swede Street, — Norristown, Pa.

THE BALDWIN
Carriage Works!
(FORMERLY BLANCHFORD'S)
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa.
The management having been in the Carriage Business a number of years in Philadelphia, and being accustomed to handling all grades of fine work, feels qualified to manufacture every description of

Carriages, :- Buggies,
WAGONS, &c.
In the best possible manner at greatly reduced prices. All new work will be accompanied with a written guarantee to be as represented.

ORDERED WORK and REPAIRING
Will Receive Prompt Attention.
The patronage of the public respectfully solicited, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to call at

The Baldwin Carriage Works,
200c COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

MRS. S. L. PUGH,
TRAPPE, PA.,
Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

TURNIP GROWING.
Waldo F. Brown, of Oxford, Ohio, has been a successful turnip grower for 30 years, not having an entire failure during that time, and seldom failing to grow a good crop. Occasionally the price of turnips is so good that he makes more profit per acre from them than from any other crop, and again the market is overstocked so that he cannot sell them at all, and then he feeds them. He considers 200 bushels per acre a moderate crop, while four or five hundred bushels are not unusual. As they are nearly always grown as a second crop and require no cultivation, the cost of growing them is trifling.

His turnips rarely cost him more than five cents a bushel in the cellar or pit, and at this price they are cheap food for cattle, sheep, or hogs. He does not feed them to milk cows, for they impart their flavor to the milk and butter, but for young cattle, steers and dry cows he values them greatly. He has never succeeded in fattening old cows so quickly and well as when he had abundance of turnips to feed them, the turnips enabling them to digest a large grain ration. The turnips require a fine, compact seed-bed, and it is time and seed wasted to sow them on loose, freshly-plowed land.

The land, he continues, in the Ohio Farmer, cannot be too fine and level before sowing, and it should be thoroughly harrowed and leveled with the plank drag, and after the seed is sown the drag without the weight of the driver should be run over it again to cover the seed.

He sows about one pound of seed to the acre, and uses only thumb and forefinger. With a pinch of this size sown at a cast one is not likely to get them too thick. The best date for sowing, if one could be sure of moist weather, is about August 10th, and the 15th is seasonable. He has grown a good crop sown September 1st. Still, if the weather is favorable and the land is in the right condition it is well to sow a part of the crop the last of July or the first of August.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.
A large proportion of trees are lost from transplanting in the spring, for the reason that the tops are not reduced, or not reduced sufficiently. The tree, as it is received from the nursery, may have a well-formed head, and one does not want to see it deformed, not knowing that it is a necessity, perhaps, to its life, certainly to its well doing, and also that the surest way to preserve the head in good form is to cut back severely all the young branches. In the same way shrubs, and especially rose bushes, are transplanted with the desire to see them bloom at once, and with the result of feeble growth the first year. The danger of such newly transplanted subjects in a dry time and under a scorching sun is very great.

On the other hand, if the branches are closely pruned, growth usually proceeds promptly and at the close of autumn the plants are amply provided with new, well-ripened wood able to bear the coming cold season. The dangers that attend tree planting in spring time are greatly lessened by very early planting; but usually early planting is impracticable and, therefore, the most careful attention afterward is demanded.

In our own experience the best success has resulted in transplanting trees and shrubs in the fall in properly prepared soil and giving winter protection by mulching with litter or leaves. Such subjects usually start to grow promptly in spring and have already made a fine growth before spring-planted trees have started. We do not hesitate to advise fall planting in climates not more severe than our own.—Vick's Magazine.

TO KEEP A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FRESH.

A queer way to keep a bouquet of flowers fresh, but a very striking and effective one, is thus described: In a vessel of water place a plate, and on this stand a bouquet of flowers, weighted at the bottom, so as to stand upright. This being done, the bouquet is covered with a bell glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly the flat part of the plate; the bell glass should be entirely filled with water and without the least air bubble. Then raise all together, bell glass, plate and bouquet, and place on a table, leaving on plate around the base of the bell glass a little water to keep the air from entering. The flowers in this situation will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks and their beauty is increased by a great number of bubbles of gas produced by the respiration of the leaves, and which attach themselves to the leaves, looking like pearls. The edge of the plate and the water that it contains should be concealed by a light bed of moss, in which are some flowers. A bouquet thus arranged produces a charming effect, especially in the evening.—Good Housekeeping.

HOW TO DRY FRUIT.
There is a great deal of complaint among the consumers of evaporated fruit as to the unwholesomeness of a great portion of the fruit on the market. We have a fine peach and apple orchard and purchased an American fruit evaporator, to prepare our own winter fruit, and also fruit for market. At the time of purchasing it the agent instructed us how to use it. "You will see," he said, "that there is a little pot or kettle with your evaporator; this is for bleaching the fruit. Each time you fill your evaporator with fruit, put some hot coals into the little pot and put on it, after it is put under the evaporator, half a teaspoonful of sulphur, and keep the evaporator shut up tight for half an hour at least, until it has penetrated every part of the fruit. It is the sulphur bleaching that gives apples and peaches the pretty, clear, white look we see them have on the market. Some kinds of apples are harder to bleach than others, then use more, you need not be afraid of getting too much, the more that one uses the whiter the fruit. One farmer that dried fruit for us last fall used upward of thirty pounds of sulphur." I asked him if it was not unhealthy to use sulphur in drying fruit. "Oh, some say it is, but it will wash off before cooking. If you are afraid to use it, as you prepare the fruit drop it in a jar of strong brine; this gives it a fine appearance when dried, but the fruit must be very carefully washed before cooking, otherwise it will have a very unpleasant taste." I told him I should dry my fruit without either sulphur or salt, as I wished to dry only good, ripe specimens; reserve only enough for my family use, and put the rest on the market. "But, madam," he said, "we cannot pay you so high a price for your fruit as if bleached; it will not look nearly so showy." "It will be better and will be fit for human food," I replied.

I think the sooner that orchardists stop preparing their dried fruit with sulphur and salt to make it look pretty the better it will be for the consumer. A number of delicate people were delighted when evaporated fruit was put on the market, thinking it would be far preferable to the fruit in tin cans that had been found to be so injurious to the health, but after a trial it was found to be even more injurious than the fruit in tins, if such a thing could be. It seems that taste and health have to be sacrificed to looks. We consider a dish of nicely browned fruit, that has been evaporated without bleaching, far preferable to bleached, evaporated fruit that has to be soaked and washed to make it at all edible. This extracts the strength from the fruit, as well as part of the sulphur and salt. Let us get back to the old-time method of fruit drying and put it in the evaporators as our grandparents put theirs into their kilns and dry-houses free from all bleaching preparations. Evaporated fruit prepared in this way would be a great improvement over anything yet known as dried fruit.—Ex.

An advantage found in the use of silage in winter, according to an observer in Massachusetts, is that the color of the butter made from cows fed upon it is as yellow as in the month of June, when they are at pasture.

STRIKE COMMENCED!

I have decided to make a reduction in my prices (from April 1, 1885, to the present). I will put on four new shoes, all hand-made, of any style desired, for \$1.20 per set.
W. B. LOGAN, Yerkes Station, Pa.

FARMERS,
—LOOK TO—
YOUR INTERESTS!

"A penny saved is a penny made." In buying a fertilizer buy a phosphate that shows the highest analysis, a "poor" phosphate cannot possibly analyze well. You cannot get "blood out of a turnip," nor can you get value out of a phosphate that only shows a comparative commercial value far below its selling prices, which you see in the case with most fertilizers made.

Trinley's Animal Bone Phosphates!
Show a commercial value of from \$6 to \$8 per ton above the selling price, the State chemist giving it the highest valuation of any made or sold in the State for the price. Therefore buy where you get the most for your money. My phosphates are honestly made from animal bone, reliable and lasting.

—MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY—
JACOB TRINLEY,
LINFIELD, Montg. Co., Pa.

F. P. FRINGER, Ironbridge, agent for Middle Section of Montgomery county. All orders entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

MRS. E. D. LACHMAN,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Attends to laying out the dead and shroud making. Wax flowers made to order. 16sep

WANTED!
200 pairs of live pigeons—Antwerps preferred. Address, GLENWOOD HALL, Collegeville, Pa. 3-29-1y

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST THRESHING MACHINE
NOW IN USE, YOU SHOULD PURCHASE
THE CELEBRATED
Dwarf Thresher and Separator.
NO FARMER CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT ONE. OUR
HORSE POWERS
Are guaranteed to be light running and are supplied with a SPEED REGULATOR that is Safe, Reliable and Durable.

IRON CASTINGS | **STEAM HEATING**
Of Every Description Made to Order. In All Its Branches.
AGENTS FOR THE **PERKINS WIND MILL**
Which is now almost indispensable for convenient supply of water.
CEDAR TANKS of all sizes made to order. — — — IRON PUMPS a specialty.
Steam and Water Fitting in all its Branches.
SHAFTING, HANGERS, PULLEYS, &c., &c. Particular attention given to Repairing Farm Machinery.

The Roberts Machine Company,
Engineers, Machinists and Iron Founders,
Collegeville, Pa.

Watches, Silverware, :- Diamonds, Clocks!
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES!
ROCKFORD WATCHES, TRUE TO A SECOND,
AND THE BEST MAKE IN THE COUNTRY FOR KEEPING ACCURATE TIME.
American Watches in Diamond Silver Cases for \$6.
We call special attention to our Large Stock of SPECTACLES. Do not fail to call and have your eyes examined free of charge.

— J. D. SALLADE'S —
16 E. MAIN STREET, (Opposite Public Square) NORRISTOWN, PA.

WALL PAPER!
All our new Spring Styles are now in stock.
ALL NEW GOODS IN A NEW STORE.
All Old Goods Closed Out at Auction.
ELEGANT WHITE BACK PAPERS, 5, 9, 10, 12c. per Piece. ELEGANT GOLD BACK PAPERS, 15c., 30c. per Piece. ELEGANT GOLD EMBOSSED PAPERS, 35c., \$1.00 per Piece. FELTS and INGRAINS, 20c., 40c. per Piece.

LINCRUSTA :- WALTON!
Samples and Estimates Sent Free. Experienced Workmen sent to all parts of the City and Country. All Goods Warranted Free from Aseptic, Perfect and Full Length.

M - M E R I G A N,
1223 Market Street, Phila., Pa.

HARTRANFT HOUSE, NORRISTOWN, PA.
WM. C. BLACKBURN, - - Proprietor.

Good Board, Good Beds,
GOOD ATTENDANCE.
Best Brands of Wines
Brandy, Ales and Porters.
A Genial Landlord, a First-class Cook, a Courteous Clerk.

HEADQUARTERS 144 W. MAIN Street
For SPORTING Goods NORRISTOWN, Pa.

WILLIAM BRIGGS.
Guns, Revolvers, Muzzles, Powder, Shot, Shells, Caps, Wads, &c., Sporting Goods, of every Description, Wholesale and Retail. Shells loaded to order. Repairing and Choke Boring a specialty.

COAL, COAL, - BARGAINS -
ALL THE TIME, IN
A full supply of Coal of all sizes constantly on hand, from the best mines in the Schuylkill Region.
— ALL GRADES OF —
Flour AND Feed
PROMPTLY DELIVERED AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Corn, Oats, Chop Corn, Cob Meal,
Cracked Corn, Middlings, Screenings, Bran, Cotton Seed Meal, Barley Sprouts, and everything usually kept in a flour and feed store. Also

Clover and Timothy Seed,
Seed Corn, Seed Oats, Lime, &c.
Agent for Williams and Clark's Phosphates.

Oaks Station. :- Perk. R. R.

FRANK REES.
News Agent, Collegeville.

Gristock & Vanderslice,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

DEALERS IN
White and Yellow Pine, and Hemlock
LUMBER,
Various grades, dressed and undressed.
SHINGLES, split and sawed.
PICKETS, CEDAR AND CHESTNUT RAILS.
Lehigh and Schuylkill



COAL. - - COAL.
FLOUR,
Corn, Bran, Middlings,
OATS, LINSEED MEAL,
AND CAKE MEAL.

Shoemaker's Phosphate, and others. Harrison's Town and Country Paint, second to none in the market. Also Harrison's Rough and Ready Paint, a cheap durable paint for barns and fencing.

ENTERPRISE MARBLE WORKS
ROYERSFORD, Mont. Co., Pa.
I would announce to my friends and the public, that I am now prepared to furnish

ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
MONUMENTS and Tombstones, of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.
Galvanized - Railings,
For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of

BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC.
All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low, therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings." RESPECTFULLY,

D. Theo. Buckwalter.
June 8-1y.

COLLEGEVILLE

BAKERY!
J. H. RICHARD, Prop'r.

Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,
EVERY MORNING.

ICE CREAM!
Different flavors, during the Season now opened. Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

Wm. J. THOMPSON,
—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—

BEEF, =
VEAL, =
= MUTTON, =

Visits Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.

WM. J. THOMPSON,
LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

PROVIDENCE SQUARE HARNESS SHOP!
W. E. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
— A FULL LINE OF ALL KINDS OF —
HORSE - :- GOODS,
Including blankets, lap covers, whips, fly nets, &c. A full stock of collars always on hand, and all kinds of the best harness manufactured at short notice. Ordered work and repairing will receive prompt attention. 27jan1

AFFLICTED and UNFORTUNATE
AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL CONSULT
DR. LOBB,
329 N. 15th St. below Callowhill, Phila., Pa.
30 years' experience in all SPECIAL diseases. Permanently restores those weakened by early indiscretions &c. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours: 10 a. m. till 5 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Send Stamp for Book.